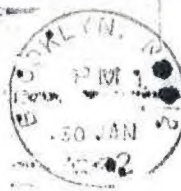


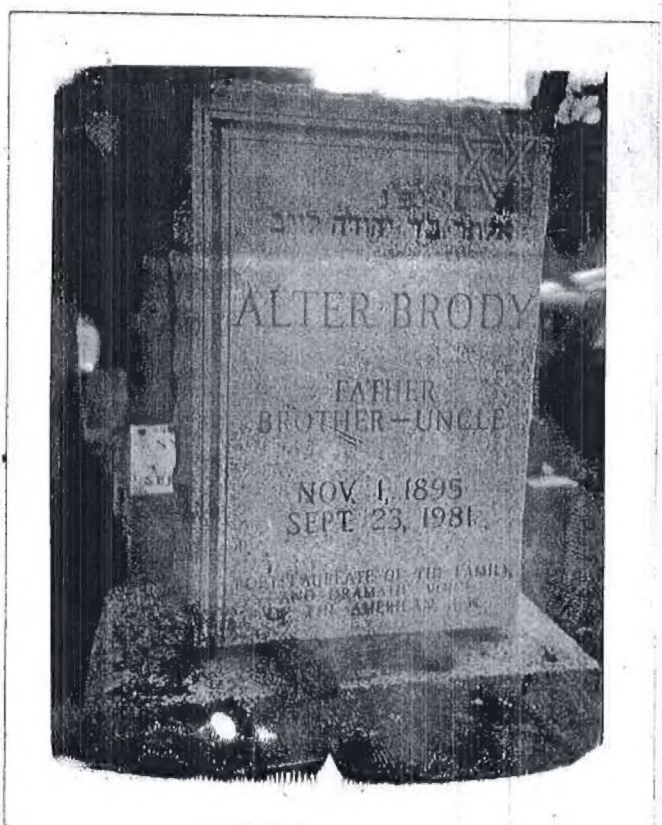


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BROOKLYN NY 11235



Mr. Daniel J. B. Mitchell

x



Daniel JB Mitchel S

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Dear Daniel

This is what your father's
Gravestone will look like. I am
sending you a picture that I think
you would like to have. In
the meantime if there are any
questions that you would like to
ask either write or call. I would
also like to send Regards to your
family.

Love from Judy & Irving

Dec 26, 1981

Dear Daniel,

I will try to answer you on your letter to me of Oct 11, 1981.

The reason Alter didn't contact any friends or family.

As he was more in the hospitals than home. And lots of things happened to him. Where we took him up state to stay with us after mother separated from him.

He tried twice to end his life & twice

I had to go & sign him out. So you see he didn't want anyone to know his predicament. I had him in a bungalow up with Grandma Brody & then he stay 1 month in my apartment on Ocean Ave in Bklyn.

While we were up in the mts.

Then Nat & Mack got him a room in the Capitol Hall Hotel. Where he was for about 30 to 35 yrs. Then he was mugged so many times 10 times to be exact. So I wrote to Senator

2
Janette & my Congressman who in turn
got in touch with Alters assemblyman
named Nadler & Social Service in
Albany & they got him the studio
apartment. So you see he went
through a very bad time.

The professor of Columbia College
a woman took down all his
notes on a tape recorder. She
came to his apt with one of the students
who was going to be a Rabbi.

Did you know Alter was the one
who originated the absentee Ballot?

He got a check for it & also he got
a citation & a nice letter which
when the door was broken down
was stolen. A lot of things were
taken. I really don't know what
was taken.

He was twice operated on glaucoma,
twice on cataracts in both eyes
a hernia operation & broken leg.

Then he had trouble³ passing water
so they sent him to the hospital operated
on his prostate & after 1 yr they found
Cancer cells in the prostate. So he
was told he had Terminal Cancer.
Did you know that he was mugged in
the Studio apt so he had iron bars
put up on the window & a certain
inside lock on the door. Living
in NYC is like living in a jungle.
The last time he was on 87th St

Hotel 2 Color men wanted all his
money otherwise they would put
him in his clothes closet & nail it
up. So he let them take all he had
saved up. He reported it to the police
but you know in the city they
lock them up & the next day they
are out again.

Living in the NYC Jungle is worst than
the animal jungle the animal kill
for food the 2 legged ones kill for any

4

thing or everything.

I mention lots of times why don't to get in touch with your friends, so he would say everyone has their own problems. But my family kept in touch. When Nat passed away & Uncle Izzie, Irving took over & I used to call him every Sunday at 11 AM.

Irving, Judy & Elliott would go to see that his bulbs were OK. They even bought him a kitchen table so he could eat right. His table was raggedy. We all tried to keep him in every way possible.

But when he got in the old age home he wanted to be upstairs but it was all filled up. So he was put up on the downstairs floor & so he didn't want to eat so they fed him intravenously then they put a ~~table~~ tube in his nose down in his throat & fed him that way. Irving came to see him so he ate OK but then he decided to call it quits or so it seemed.

he wanted to be waited on & not go out
of the bed, that is the worst thing.
So he developed pneumonia & was gone.
But some how I'm puzzle why didn't
they let us know he was so sick. They
called Irving after he died. That puzzles
me. And upsets me very much.
I was then very ill with a bad case
of flu & the doctor kept coming to
me since I was so ill. And I wasn't
in a position to go to the funeral.
But Irving & Judy took care of all
things necessary. They were just
wonderful.

Daniel would you have a picture
of Alter? I'd appreciate it very
much.

Love to Alice & Nina
Aunt Sophia

You should never know of such
troubles.

I hope this explains to you why Alter
kept to himself.

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Mr. Daniel J. B. Mitchell

A

Dear Daniel

I am writing you to tell you that on April 27 1982 we are having the unveiling for your father Alter Brody. Aunt Sophia will be with us and also possibly a man that was a friend to your father named Henry Goodman. If you wish to attend please call me or write me and let me know.

Love
Judy & Irving

P.S. The date maybe April 26 so if you want to attend please let us know

Dear Daniel, Alice + family,

Thanks loads for Nina's
snap shot. She sure is pretty.
What I have to tell you isn't
easy.

Right now Alter is in the hospital since
Sept 8th he was operated on Friday the 9th
isn't doing well at all.

We're hoping + praying he'll be able to
go into a nursing home. But I'm afraid
it's not good. I hate telling you this
but if I didn't you'd be hurt if you
didn't know. It's cancer.

His condition got worse so he decide
to have the operation. It seems like cancer
of the prostate.

Forgive me if I alarm you, but in
this case I know you'd want to
know one way or another.

It's very sad. Irving is taking care
of going to see him.

I call him at the hospital 3 times
a week. I can't make the trip as
our car can't make it & my bus.
I'm not up to going. I'm crippled with
Arthritis & walk with a cane. It isn't
a very nice situation.

Will keep in touch with you as time
goes on.

I'm sorry to tell you this bad news.

Love to all
Aunt Sophia & Uncle Jerry.

Hope you able to sell your place & get
settled in Washington D.C.
Good Luck.

Sept. 26, 1974

(1)

Dear Aunt Sophia + Uncle Jerry:

Thank you for your gift. It was thoughtful of you to remember.

I feel at this time--particularly in view of Alter's situation--that I write you a serious letter on my relationship with him. Although this is a confidential letter, perhaps you will be able to help the family understand.

First, there can never be anything like a normal relationship. Too many events have transpired over many years for that ever to occur. As you know, my parents were separated when I was 9 years old. Although it is difficult for 9 year olds to comprehend such things, it is obvious that they do not happen over night. I do remember enough to know that Alter became more and more preoccupied with his medical problems to the exclusion of all other concerns, including family and friends. This is a condition he has never overcome.

(2)

Second, although divorce has become fairly commonplace today, in my own particular case it had more finality than in most such situations. Alter was unable to see me for 20 years -- a very long time. I did write to him when I was about 20 years old; he wrote back to say that it was very difficult for him even to send a return letter, and that he did not expect further correspondence for a long time.

Third, my mother remarried when I was 11 years old. Since that time there has been a normal family relationship between myself, my mother, and my stepfather. In particular, without denying for one moment my natural parentage, it is nevertheless the case that the father-son relationship with time shifted. The old relation ended when I was 9. A new one -- with

(3)

another man -- began a couple of years later.

I do intend to continue writing to Alter from time to time, and perhaps visit once in awhile. As you can perhaps imagine, these visits are not easy for me. Alter lives mainly in the past. He speaks of events which happened long before I was born as if they occurred yesterday. We have not had real conversations at these visits; instead he does all the talking. I think he is afraid that anything I might say would upset the delicate balance he has achieved over the years. The words are not generally about personal things. He speaks of politics, philosophy, history, etc., all abstractions. At his age, and given everything which has occurred, this situation will not change.

(4)

I do appreciate your concern in writing to me about Alter's condition, and I hope you will continue to keep me informed. But I hope you will understand that there is little I can do about the situation. Aside from the 3,000 miles between New York and Los Angeles, there is an emotional distance which is much greater.

It is perhaps fitting that I write you this letter on Yom Kippur, a solemn occasion.

Sincerely,
Daniel